

Prenton and Bebington NWR groups Poetry

We were once the weaker gender
Kept indoors to cook and clean.
Made to marry just for money
Left at home to sew a seam.

Keeping house and raising children
Caring for our tenants too
Hunting, dancing, sketching, painting
Trimming up a hat or two.

Now we've cracked the great glass ceiling
Gained in strength and self respect,
Judges surgeons, pilots bankers
Holding posts with great effect.

Soldiers, tycoons, priests, physicians,
Directing staff and leading teams,
Designers, artists, MPs. Sailors
Following our greatest dreams.

When we gained our independence
Women kept on aiming high
We could vote and win elections
Keep on reaching for the sky.

Still we struggled with our home life
Bearing children, keeping house
Watching weight and paying mortgage
Being helpmate to our spouse.

So we've learned we're not so perfect
Can't abandon nature's plan
We have gained some skill and knowledge
But we can't be like a man!

Clari Marrow

What, write a poem on Women?
Surely that can't be too hard?
I've laboured with themes and examples
And even sought help from the Bard

But still the examples are hopeless
I can't get the scansion or rhyme
My brain grasps at various topics
But I think I'm failing this time

Will I talk of women in painting,
Or those that turn up in books?
Will I mention the rich or the famous?
Or keep to the ones with good looks?

I've looked at quotations and pictures
And thought of film stars and such
Read Bronte and Astor and Gaskell
But still can't compose very much

So I think I'll abandon the project
And retreat into my own little shell
'Women' is too big a subject
With too many secrets to tell.

Clari Morrow

If I came to earth again
'No masculinity' I'd proclaim
but a woman with a pretty name,
No great feats to achieve
Just to be happy and not to grieve,
That one can be as content as can be
Being and she and not a he!

Cynthia Herron

I was a girl once –
Attractive – fairly
Clever – nearly
Sometimes – surly
Often – girly
Loving – fiercely
Life was whirly
I was swirly Shirley

I'm a woman now –
Wrinkled – surely
Flabby – clearly
Hair – pearly
Agile – barely
Don't' rise early
Much more worldly
Loving – dearly
I'm Grandma Shirley

Shirley Isabel Higgins

Was that really all it took – just one rib
To produce such infinite variety
From Princesses Grace and DI
To Annes Widdicome and Robinson
Not noted for sobriety

Figures who inspire love – Mpothter Teresa, Sister Kenny
And those who simply irritate – Lady Thatcher – Baroness Jay
Surely can't have been formed from the self same clay

The ones who make us laugh or move to tears-
Wood, Walters, Thora Hird and Judi Dench
And clever ones who sit in judgement on the bench

Wonderful athletes – Peters, Holmes and Denise Lewis
Who strive and win so that filled with admiration
We take pride in being of the woman nation

So I think the Creator when he saw what he had wrought
From such inferior material but with such awesome power
Must have said with Winston Churchill –
This really was my finest hour!

Or alternatively

So I think the Creator when he saw that he wrought her
Said 'Blimey I think that I've done something that I really
Hadn't oughter!'

Maureen Red

At 13 we try our first ciggy
At 14 it's our first rum and coke
At 15 we're pregnant with triplets
At 16 we've shackled up with the bloke
At 17 it all gets too much dear
So at 18 it's off for saome fun
And 19 the E's have possessed us
So it's back to the squat with a gun

Helen Fletcher

'I can't see, I've not got my specs on',
was always Granny's refrain,
But now that I'm saying it at my tender age
I just think, 'Oh dash it, what a pain'.

The shelves up in Sainsbury's are too far away
And I can't see what's on them too clarly
I ache when I bend at the end of the day
But I think, 'Well I'm 50.....well nearly!'

Then I think 'No, I'm not –
I've a son who is ...what?
He's halfway between 30 and 40
So if I am his Mum
Crumbs how old I've become
I'll be Old Spice, not Posh, Babe or Sporty!'

Helen Fletcher

We've been asked to write a poem

An ode for all to hear,
To please young Val and Clari
Who have organised the year

It has to be 'bout women
And should not mention men;
But they ARE the weakest link
So 'GOODBYE' – we'll move on then

The world is now our oyster
With jobs galore – they say!
MP's, directors, doctors
Engineers and much, much more

Or why not be a 'housekeeper'
Like glam Zsa Zsa Gabor?
Who left her man but kept the house
To join those she'd acquired before!

But of all the things we have achieved
That are equal to our men
One thing we're always better at
And that's to 'phone a friend!

Val Farmer

My friends
Women of my generation
We may be the weaker sex, but we are strong
We are the heart of the family
We care.

We nurture the generation to come
We pull them, We push them
Into their own lives
We are the heart of the family
We care.

Then we watch the generation before us
We wash, we cook, we shop, we clean,
And we watch them, to their end
We are the heart of the family
We care.

Sometimes we are so busy with others
That years pass by before we remember
Who we really are
We are the heart of the family
We care.

We change a little
The eyesight's not so good
We are a little deaf,
But we are still the heart of the family
We care.

Another generation comes,
We watch our children cope,
Now we can enjoy and then give back,
But as 'grans' we are still the heart of the family
We care.

Our hair turns grey, our bodies disobey
We watch the new ones growing
We watch these young ones and we wonder
Who will be the heart of the family now?
And who will care?

Val Farmer